

OMAR KHAYYAM

BY

J. POLLEN

OMAR KHAYYĀM

FAITHFULLY AND LITERALLY TRANSLATED
(FROM THE ORIGINAL PERSIAN)

BY

JOHN POLLEN, LL.D.

"PREZIDINTO," BRITA ESPERANTISTA ASOCIO.

WITH A FOREWORD,

BY

HIS HIGHNESS THE AGA KHAN

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TO OMAR KHAYYAM

Wise Omar, do the Southern breezes fling
Above your grave, at ending of the Spring,
The snow-drift of the petals of the Rose,
The wild white Roses you were wont to sing?

Far in the South I know a land divine,
And there is many a Saint and many a shrine,
And over all the shrines the blossom blows
Of Roses that were dear to you as Wine.

You were a Saint of unbelieving days,
Liking your life and happy in men's praise;
Enough for you the Shade beneath the Bough,
Enough to watch the wild world go its ways.

Dreadless and hopeless thou of Heaven or Hell,
Careless of words thou hadst not skill to spell,
Content to know not all thou knowest now.
What's Death? Does any Pitcher dread the Well?

The Pitchers we, whose Maker makes them ill,—
Shall He torment them if they chance to spill?
Nay; like the broken potsherds are we cast
Forth and forgotten—and what will be will!

So still were we before the Months began
That rounded us and shaped us into Man;
So still we shall be, surely, at the last,
Dreamless, untouched of Blessing or of Ban.

Ah! strange it seems that this thy common
thought—
How all things have been, ay, and shall be nought—
Was ancient Wisdom in thine ancient East
In those old days when Senlac fight was fought.

ANDREW LANG.

FOREWORD

IN the halcyon days of Persia's intellectual renaissance after the Arab conquest, the Middle East is said to have produced more poets than the whole of medieval Europe, but the works of no Oriental author have aroused the same degree of interest in the European mind as the modest "Ruba'iat" of Omar Khayyām. The secret of this phenomenon may be traced to Omar's thoughts on the inscrutable problems of Life and Death being, to some extent, in harmony with the rational tendencies produced by the collision of modern science with the unquestioning beliefs of a bygone age.

The charm of the "Ruba'iat," which lies in the intensely human spirit pervading them, is enhanced by the poet's inimitable directness of expression, his terse and incisive phrases and a simple grace of style, with that unrivalled and untrans-

latable music of words to which the sonorous language of Persia peculiarly lends itself. To reproduce these subtle features of the original in a translation is not an easy undertaking. FitzGerald succeeded in a remarkable degree in bringing out the spirit of Omar's quatrains in his famous translation, which in some respects transcends the beauty of the original, but to achieve this end he had to diverge from the letter of the "Ruba'iat" as well as from the sequence of the verses. Dr. John Pollen in his more faithful translation has accomplished a task of greater difficulty, and has done justice both to the letter and to the spirit of the original. (In its simple and attractive garb the version now offered to the public, for the benefit of the Indian soldiers who are now laying down their lives for the Empire on the battlefields of three continents, deserves to find a place on the bookshelves of the numerous admirers of the Poet in the English-speaking world.

AGA KHAN.

INTRODUCTION

IN this translation I have adopted the four-beat (hymn) measure instead of the traditional ten-syllables, and trust I may be pardoned for thus presenting Omar in a quasi-Puritan dress. I might, perhaps, plead that there is some resemblance between the Puritan dress and that of the Persian; but I really adopted this metrical form for two reasons:—firstly, because I thought I detected in Omar somewhat of the Miltonic Puritan and fancied he would have used some such metre had he been writing in English; and, secondly, because I hoped the homely hymn measure would help the common average man (whom I typify) to remember Omar's utterances more easily than if I had attempted to adopt any of the "intricate variabilities" of the twenty-four metres to be found in the "Ruba'iat."

The Tentmaker, as Omar has (in a Pauline sense) been called, was, unquestionably, a man of many moods and of a

very varying religious temperament. At times he carolled like a careless Cavalier ; at others, becoming morosely Calvinistic, he "hummed a surly hymn." His mystic rhapsodies in praise of Love and Wine alternated with caustic denunciations of inexorable Fate and malevolent Destiny ; and while submitting himself to Providence he protested strongly against Predestination. In no mood, however, was he a Dualist. He never called "The One" "Two." As a great Astronomer and true Moslem, he believed in one God and he realized that good and evil alike came from God, and that Allah—the Ultimate—was always with His creatures in all their joys and woes, and took upon Himself full responsibility for His own creation in all its details. Omar's creed (as gathered from the "Ruba'iat") was that "all things were of God," and that "all things" worked out the precise ends intended and desired—that Evil had really no existence, but "like largeness and smallness was only an attribute of things depending on their place and application." In short, Omar recognized that "there was no absolute good but God, and no absolute Evil

existing"—a truth the Christian world has been very slow to learn.

Thus, though the Persian poet was often puzzled and mystified about "the scheme of things entire," he appears to have perceived clearly that most of the mystification and puzzledom arose from the fact that the eyes of men are holden, and that all they have power to see is half-done work, or, (as Tennyson puts it), "a straight staff bent in a pool." They thus often mistake the confusion of "toil co-operant to an end" for dismal failure and Godforsakenness.

"For man, as man conceiving, hopes and fears
And craves and deprecates and loves and loathes
And bids God help him, till Death touch his eyes,
And shows God granted most, denying all."

And well doth Matthew Arnold sing in the same strain—

"Yet shall we one day gain, life past,
Clear vision o'er our Being's whole,
Shall see ourselves and learn at last
Our true affinities of soul."

Omar clearly had a deep sense of his own unworthiness, but this "sense of sin" is, in morals, the prime correlative of a "sense of God," and (as he tells us) in spite

of his sins he was never without hope of mercy. His faith was a personal or psychologic faith, not doctrinal or ecclesiastical. He had little or no reverence for the Mosque or the Priest, but he believed that the Judge of all the earth would do right. He loved jollity, and whatever may have been his dreams or doubts about "The Eternal Tavern with songs and flowing cups and everlasting mirth," he lived in the present and did his best to make life happy down here below. He saw no reason why he should wait for happiness till he was dead, and so he made his little garden on earth as much like heaven as he possibly could, and there he revelled in the Rose, the Nightingale, and Wine. To the mystics Wine was "the symbol of spiritual transports, the eye of the divine severity, the lip of the divine loving-kindness, the mole of the divine unity"—and it may be remembered that the Founder of Christianity Himself, who not only taught but wrought Redemption, could find no more fitting emblems of His comforting power and sustaining grace than the Bread which supports the body and the Wine that maketh glad the heart of man. It may

be recalled that He too loved a garden and was a friend of Publicans and Sinners.

It seems clear that Omar fully recognized that man's whole life is one transition stage—one pilgrimage from Unseen to Unseen—and his view undoubtedly was that it is man's duty to enjoy himself during this transition, to do no harm to anyone, to be kind to his neighbour or comrade, and to make the best of things. He taught that it was better to commune "with God" in the Tavern than to perform ritualistic genuflections "without God" in the Mosque. The only things Omar could not tolerate were hypocrisy and intolerance. He was like Milton in his broad toleration and manly independence, and, like all great Poets, he believed in and felt profoundly "that intense natural affection permeated by the spirit of self-sacrifice" which men call "Love." Of ambition he seems to have possessed not a trace, and amongst the pomps and vanities of Persia, all he apparently desired was a passionless peace far off from "the madding crowd's ignoble strife."

As Mr. H. C. Benson eloquently says: "Omar does not go to the wine-jar only

that he may forget, but that he may also remember. He feeds on honeydew and drinks the milk of Paradise, that he may banish for a little the terror of the Unknown, the bewildered mystery of Life, the pain, the shame, the fear, and the dark shadow, that nearer or further lies across the road ; this much to forget ; and then perchance he is enabled to remember the sweet days, the spring and the budding rose ; to remember that though the beginning and the end are dark, yet the God of Pain and Death is also the Maker of the fair world, the gracious charm of voice, of hand, of eye, the woven tapestry of tree and meadow grass, the sunset burning red behind the dark tree-trunks of the grove, the voice of music, the song of the bird, the whisper of leaves, the murmur of the hidden stream—of all the signs and sounds that fill the heart full and leave it yearning, unsatisfied with the pain that is itself a joy. And then in such a mood the shadow of loss, the memory of sweet things that have an end, the sleep of death tremble into music too, and are like the deep slow pedal-notes above which the lighter descant wings its way, as a bird

that flies dipping its feet in the slow-stirring wave."

But "howsoever these things be," I claim for this Translation that it follows the Persian as closely as possible. I have endeavoured to set forth faithfully what Omar is said to have said or sung. But, of course, there is a charm in the Persian words which no charm of words in any other language can give, and this I am only too conscious I have failed to convey. I trust, however, I have preserved something of Omar's simplicity, directness and conciseness. I have certainly not presumed to add anything of my own or attempted to use "art to shape the Persian poet," nor have I ventured to decide what parts of his writings were "fair and efficient," or what were not. It may be that Fitzgerald's great paraphrase had "merits which render it of greater importance than the original," but it is, as its author himself acknowledged,— "very unliteral." He might have said, not literal at all; for, as Miss Jessie Cadell truly puts it, "Fitzgerald's translation is, as has been said, a poem on Omar rather than a translation of his work, and its very faults have, to

English readers, taken nothing from its charm and added much to its popularity. Its inexactness has allowed for the infusion of a modern element, which we believe to exist in the Persian only in the sense in which the deepest questions of human life are of all time. Its occasional obscurity, too, has rather helped than hindered the impression of the whole. People expect obscurity in a Persian writer of the twelfth century—even like it—and it leaves dark corners which the mind can light up in any way it pleases, and regard what it finds there as one of the peculiar beauties of Eastern thought. These points have less attraction for those who, knowing Khayyām in the original, have learnt to value him for himself."

On Omar's private or public life at Naishapur I cannot dilate, for I rather agree with Mr. E. D. Ross that "to embark on the biography of a man of whom next to nothing is known may appear at first sight a bold undertaking." But I think I ought to mention the tradition that Omar owed his leisure for Astronomy and Poetry and his immunity from the narrow cares and worries of life to the direct or

indirect generosity of one of the Prophet's own blood who patronized Philosophy and Poetry in Persia at a time when "Might was making Right" here in Britain "eight hundred years ago." (I should also like to express my gratitude to His Highness the Aga Khan, who has so kindly favoured me with the graceful Foreword to this little volume. Indeed, I do not think I should have made up my mind to publish this version in book-form had it not been for the cordial encouragement of His Highness who, a Persian scholar himself, saw some merit in my Translation.

The profits from the sale of this little book will be devoted to the Indian soldiers of the Crown who are fighting so gallantly for us—as His Highness so well puts it—"on the battlefields of three Continents."

In the Appendix A I give a Translation in Esperanto of the opening Verses of FitzGerald's "Omar." This rendering shows how well the International Language lends itself to the Translation of Poetry, and how closely it can reproduce the metre of the original.

J. POLLEN.

OMAR KHAYYĀM

OMAR, dear Sultan of the Persian song,
Familiar friend whom I have loved so long,
Whose volumes made my pleasant hiding-place
From this Fantastic World of right and wrong.

Alas for me, alas for all who weep,
And wonder at the silence dark and deep
That girdles round this little lamp in space
No wiser than when Omar fell asleep.

McCARTHY.

“OMAR KHAYYĀM”

(LINE FOR LINE TRANSLATIONS)

I.

KHAYYĀM ! for sin why sorrow so ?
What profits great or little woe ?
Who sins not cannot Mercy know :
For sin came Mercy here below.

2.

In Schools, in Church, in Cloister, Cell,
Some seek for Heaven, some fly from Hell ;
But who in soul God's secret knows
Such seed within his heart ne'er sows.

3.

The Spring—a Fairy Form—and Wine—
 If these on meadow's slope be mine ;
 Though every one the thing should blame,
 Better a dog, if Heaven I'd name.

4.

Parted from life, as well you know,
 Behind God's veil one needs must go.
 Be glad; your "whence" you never knew,
 Your "whither" 's also hid from you.

5.

I slept. Said Wisdom from the gloom
 "In sleep Joy's rose can never bloom ;"
 "Why woo Death's sister thus ?" said he,
 "Drink Wine ! you'll sleep eternally !"

6.

"I pant for Wisdom," said my heart.
 "This, an Thou canst, to me impart !"
 "Alif," I said. Cried heart, "No more."
 If One 's at home—one sound opes door.

7.

No man may pass behind the veil
Nōr of its secrets tell the tale—
In Earth's dull dust alone is rest,
Drink wine! here silence suiteth best!

8.

To churls no mysteries reveal!
From fools your secrets aye conceal!
Your acts towards men consider well,
Your hopes to no man ever tell!

9.

'Twas writ "Whatever will be, will;"
The Pen moves on, come good or ill;
From first 'twas fixed—Creation's plan;—
To grieve or strive behoves not Man.

10.

In Spring to field or river's brim
With comrades true, with maiden slim—
Bring forth the Cup! Let morning's draught
Free from the Mosque or Church be quaffed!

I I.

Heaven's vault's the belt my body wears—
J'hun's course—the current of my tears ;
My bootless griefs have proved a Hell :—
At peace—in Paradise I dwell !

I 2.

To Houris Eden's bower is dear,
Dearer to me the grape-juice clear ;
Then take the cash ! let credit go !
The drum—far off—sounds soft and low.

I 3.

Drink wine ! to sleep beneath the dust,
From Wife and Friend depart you must ;
To none this mystery explain—
“ No Tulip withered blooms again.”

I 4.

Drink wine ! In its eternal life !
This points the term of youthful strife ;
Rose-time and Wine and giddy friend,
With these be glad gay life to spend.

15.

Give Wine, it salves my wounded heart,
'Tis boon companion in Love's Mart ;
To me the dregs are dearer far
Than Heaven's high vault and hollow star.

16.

I drink ; my foes, on all sides, tell,
"Wine is Religion's Foe most fell ;"
When this I heard, "'Tis right," I said,
"To drink the blood of foeman dread."

17.

A Cup—Wine ! The Cup—the Mine !
The Cup—the Body ; Soul—the Wine !
The crystal Cup laughs bubbling o'er
Like tear that hides the bosom's gore.

18.

My Form who gave—I cannot tell
If he assigned me Heaven or Hell ;
But food, and Wine, and loved one here
Are cash to me,—Heaven's credit there.

19.

Both Good and Bad in Nature mixed
With Joy and Grief, by Fate are fixed ;
Blame not the Heavens ! In Wisdom's way
More helpless far than you are they.

20.

Whose heart bears trace of Love's sweet
 strife,
Has never lost a day of life ;
Either he strives God's grace to gain—
Or quaffs the Wine-cup—free from pain.

21.

Where blooms the rose or tulip-bed,
There crimson blood of Kings was shed ;
The violet springing from the Earth—
Some Mole of Beauty gave it birth.

22.

Be wise !—for means of Life abate—
Take heed ! for sharp the sword of Fate ;
Tho' Fortune bring you almonds sweet
Taste not, for in them poisons meet.

23.

Wine—lover's lips—and meadow's slope—
Robbed me of Bliss and you of Hope ;
To Heaven or Hell man's doomed, but tell,—
Who came from Heaven or went to Hell ?

24.

Oh, thou ! with cheek wild-rose in hue—
In face a Chinese Goddess true ;
Yestre'en to Babil's King thy glance
Did give the Chess-board's game of chance.

25.

What's Balkh to me ? or what Baghdad ?
Life passes—be Wine good or bad ;
Then drink ! for, when we've passed away,
The Moon will change from day to day.

26.

Although I've ne'er strung pearl for Thee,
Nor from my face Sin's dust wiped free,
I still have hope of Mercy, due
Because "The One" I've ne'er called
"Two."

27.

Better in Inn with Thee have say
Than without Thee in Mosque to pray ;
Thou, First and Last of things that be,
Burn, an Thou wilt, or cherish me !

28.

If it can be, no drunkard spurn—
From false pretence and trickery turn.
If hence from Life you'd find repose,
Treat not the humble as your foes.

29.

If in your power cause no man pain.
From flame that burns your wrath restrain.
If you desire perpetual peace—
Grieve, but from grieving others cease !

30.

Since none can vouch To-morrow's morn,
Make happy now your heart love-lorn.
Drink wine, Moonfaced, for many a Moon
Shall seek us long, nor find us soon.

31.

Korán, which men name "Word sublime,"
They only read from time to time
On goblet's brim a text is writ,
And men are always reading it.

32.

We here—Wine—Bench—and drunken
frame—
Care for no Hope, and fear no flame.
Heart, soul, cup, clothes wine-stained, you see,
From Earth, Air, Water, Fire, are free.

33.

'Tis best few friends to make below—
Some here 'tis well far off to know ;
That man on whom thou leanest so—
Examined close—is found a foe.

34.

This Jug a Lover was—like me—
And sought a fair face lovingly ;
This handle, round its neck now hung,
Was, erst, an arm round friend's neck flung.

35.

Alas for heart that's felt no wound—
Nor by Love's spell was ever bound ;
The day that without Love is spent
No emptier could to you be lent.

36.

To-day's the crisis of my youth,
Wine I desire that brings no ruth ;
Though sour—'tis sweet—then blame me not.
The sourness represents my lot.

37.

To-day we can't “to-morrow” sway—
Folly to fret 'bout it to-day ;
If not love-mad, lose not this day—
What worth the next is who can say ?

38.

Now that the glad New Year draws nigh
True heart to desert yearns to fly ;
On bough, see, Moses' hand appears,
Each breeze the breath of Jesus bears.

39.

Who fails to reach Truth's fruitful rod
Hath not the path of duty trod ;
Who the weak bough of Knowledge bends
But learns each day the same way ends.

40.

When dawned Creation's day, my Soul
Sought Heaven and Hell—sought Pen and
Scroll ;
Then did the Teacher sagely tell—
“Thyself art Pen, Scroll, Heaven, and Hell.”

41.

Arise ! bring Wine—no need for words—
Thy mouth all that I want affords ;
Wine—like thy cheeks rose-coloured, bring,
Though coiled like curls Repentance cling.

42.

The Rose the New-Year-zephyrs greet—
My darling's face in bower is sweet ;
The day that's gone no talk makes glad,
To-day is sweet, then why so sad ?

43.

Why should I skim the sea with sail
 Disgust for Kafirs in me dwells !
 Khayyām ! who says in Hell he'll dwell ?
 Who came from Heaven, or went to Hell ?

44.

The elements that hold the Wine
 No drinker will to ruin consign ;
 These heads, these hands, these feet, why
 make
 For love of whom ? for hate why break ?

45.

Like river's flood—like desert's blast—
 Another day of life hath past ;
 I've never grieved two days anent—
 —"The day to come"—"the day that's
 spent."

46.

I came not on Creation's day—
 And in my going have no say ;
 Cup-bearer, gird thy loins, bring Wine—
 Thus drown I this world-grief of mine.

47.

Khayyām, who Wisdom's tent-work wrought,
Was burnt, in sorrow's furnace caught ;
Fate cut his Being's tent-ropes strong,
Hope's Broker sold him for a song.

48.

Of those who make pure wine their care,
Of those who spend the night in prayer,
All are at Sea, none safe ashore ;
All sleep ; their sleep One watches o'er.

49.

Wisdom that seeking bliss doth stray
Repeats a hundred times a day—
“From Life fresh Life you cannot gain
Like herbs that plucked spring up again.”

50.

The slaves of Wit and Logic fall
In squabbles over “None” and “All”;
Go, dunce, prefer the grape-juice you
For fools crude grapes from raisins brew.

51.

No good my coming brought the Sphere,
My going adds no beauty here ; •
From no one have my two ears heard
Wherefore my “come” and “go” occurred.

52.

In Love's path must effacement lie,
In Fate's fierce grip we all must die ;
Cup-bearer sweet, why tarry so ?
Water ! To dust I soon must go !

53.

Since Joy in naught but name remains—
New Wine 's the friend mature one gains.
With merry hand the Winecup clasp,
There's nothing else within our grasp !

54.

The Pen writes on beyond recall,
Grief only turns the heart to gall ; •
Anguish may through your whole life last
Nor by one drop increase your Past !

55.

O Heart, the lovesick seek no more !
Nor commerce hold with lover's lore ;
Frequent the thresholds of the poor—
There, p'r'aps, you'll find acceptance sure.

56.

The Stars the Vault of Heaven adorn,
They come and go—at times reborn—
In Heaven's high skirts—in depths of
Earth—
God dies not ; Creatures come to birth.

57.

Some hypocrites, intent on Law,
'Twixt Flesh and Soul distinctions draw ;
The flagon on my head I'll bear
Just as the cocks their red combs wear.

58.

The Stars that people Heaven's high Vault
Have often given the wise men halt ;
Take care, nor lose the string of wit,
Guardians grow dizzy twisting it.

59.

I'm not the man “ Soul's death ” to fear ;
Of life's two halves the sweeter's there !
Half-life God lent me here—and I
Restore it when I come to die. .

60.

Life's phantom-caravan steals by ;
Enjoy the moments as they fly !
For Comrade's morrow wherefore plain ?
Cup-bearer, Wine ! Night's on the wane !

61.

'Twas love of you this old head snared ;
If not, how came the wine-cup shared ?
Love killed Repentance reason-born ;
The robe of Patience Spring hath torn.

62.

Though Wine my honour's veil hath rent,
From Wine to part I'll ne'er consent ;
What better can the Vintners buy
Than what they sell, in doubt am I.

63.

At first such grace—such charm!—Ah why
 With such allurements tranced was I?
 You now but strive to wound my heart,
 What wrong did I that thus I smart?

64.

In heart desire for maiden dear—
 In hand the Wine-cup all the year;
 Men say, “ May God to you shrift grant,”
 Avaunt! of such I feel no want!

65.

Taverns give one ablution—Wine!
 A name once soiled no more can shine;
 So torn our temperance-veil is here
 It can't be mended; so good cheer!

66.

I saw a man on Palace roof
 Who trampled clay without behoof;
 The clay in mystic accents said—
 “ Cease! You'll be trampled when you're
 dead!”

67.

Sweet day—wind neither hot nor cold—
Down rose's cheek the rain has rolled ;
Cries nightingale to yellow rose—
“Drink Wine thou must till time shall close!”

68.

Ere Fate attacks thy drooping brow
Let rosy wine be ordered now ;
No gold art thou that—witless swain !—
Men bury and dig up again.

69.

Friends! stay me with the Wine-cup, do !
To amber face give ruby hue ;
Wash me in Wine, and when I die,
Let me in vine-planked coffin lie.

70.

King! Heaven decreed thy kingdom's course,
And saddled for thee Empire's horse ;
And when thy Charger golden-shod
Touched dust—gilded became the sod.

71.

No worth has Love that's insincere —
 No warmth give dying embers here ;
 No peace—no food—no sleep—no cheer,
 Knows Lover true, day, month, or year !

72.

“Forever's” secrets none hath solved ;
 Nor from his orbit fixed revolved ;
 Tyro and Teacher—all that be—
 Alike in impotence agree.

73.

The World foreswear ! Contented be,
 From Good and Bad thy soul set free !
 Drink Wine ! with Darling's ringlets play ;
 All passes—Time can never stay !

74.

The Heavens rain blossoms from the cloud,
 And with gay blooms the gardens crowd,
 In lily cup I pour red wine—
 As violet clouds pour jessamine.

75.

I drink—each worthy man drinks—Wine ;
My drinking's naught to God divine ;
God knew from first that I should drink,
God's wit with ignorance who'd link ?

76.

Permit not Sorrow's sad embrace,
Nor let dull Grief your joys efface ;
Forsake not lip and love and field,
Till dust to dust you needs must yield.

77.

Drink Wine ! It takes your woes away ;
Sects seventy-two it won't let stay ;
From the alémbic don't refrain !
One draught drives off full many a pain.

78.

Tho' Wine be banned, yet much depends
On Drinker, quantity and friends ;
If these be well-conditioned—say !
What Sage from Wine would keep away ?

79.

Drink Wine ! Thy form becomes dust-cake,
From which men jars and goblets make ;
Of Heaven and Hell have thou no care !
Why should Deception wise men snare ?

80.

Now vernal winds the World adorn,
From rain clouds' eyes fresh Hope is born ;
On every bough gleams Moses' hand,
The breath of Jesus wakes the land.

81.

Each draught from wine-cup flung to Earth
Fills someone's anguished eye with mirth ;
For, God be praised ! thou knowest Wine
Sets free from pain this soul of thine.

82.

Each morn dew cheers the Tulip's face,
And bends the Violet's head with grace ;
But me the Rose-bud pleases best
Closely in clinging petals pressed.

83.

Friends ! when you meet together all—
Oh, then, with warmth this friend recall ;
And when the wholesome Wine you drink
Reverse my glass with friendly clink

84.

Friends ! when you keep the tryst you made,
And sport together in the glade,
When the Mugh-wine the Sáki pours,
Then pledge this helpless friend of yours !

85.

China—a hundred hearts and creeds—
One cup of Wine in worth exceeds ;
Save ruby-Wine there's naught on Earth
Better a thousand sweet souls worth.

86.

Desiring Wine—Wife, Child forsake !
From kith afar thy dwelling make !
Whate'er it be that hinders thee,
Sweep from thy pathway ruthlessly !

87.

Bring ruby forth in Wine-glass clear—
Of all good men the comrade dear—
For, since we know Earth's surface—Dust—
Passes like wind, drink Wine we must.

88.

Come ! physick bring—to heal the heart—
Wine's red and musk—these soothe each
smart
An antidote for woe and pain—
Thou'lt find red Wine and Lute's soft strain.

89.

I watched a Potter pound wet clay
In market-place at dusk of day,
The clay in mystic accents cried,
“ Soft ! Once, like thee, that work I plied.”

90.

Drink Wine ! It is eternal life !
The stock of youth with joy is rife ;
It burns like fire—but Sorrow, (think !),
'Twill make like Life's glad water—drink !

91.

Traditions spurn! Commands forswear!
 Thy crumblets with the poor man share;
 No slander speak, no heart make pinet,
 Then can I pledge thee Heaven. • Drink
 Wine!

92. ✓

Rose-red is Wine. The Cup—may be—
 Rosewater filled—or ruby, see!
 Ruby in water melts, men say,
 Moonlight may veil the Sun's bright ray.

93. ✓

The vows we take with ease we break,
 'Gainst name and fame doors fast we make;
 Blame not if I a fool do prove,
 Once more I'm drunk with Wine of Love.

94.

No metaphor—but language proved—
 Play-pieces we by Heaven are moved;
 Upon Life's chessboard pawns we be,
 Pushed off into nonentity.

95.

Truth is Hyperbole ! My heart,
Why thus with woeful shudder start ?
The shifting Times to Fate resign,
The Pen that wrote—rewrites no line.

96.

On Rose's face cloud-shadow falls—
Still lust for Wine my soul enthrals ;
Sleep not ! To sleep you've yet no right,
My Love, give wine ! Day still is bright.

97.

Shake off the dust against high Heaven !
Drink Wine ! To faces fair be given !
What time for worship this—or prayers ?
Once gone—no soul to Earth repairs.

98.

Like snow comes Dawn. The Winecup fill !
From ruby Wine learn colour still ;
Two logs bring in—to brightness turn !
Make one a lute—the other burn !

99.

To wanton life we turn once more,
 Five prayers a day we now give o'er
 Where goblets gleam we're seen again,
 Like bottle's neck our necks we crane.

100.

To Jar's lip close my lips I strained,
 To ask how is long life attained ;
 It pressed its lips to mine and said
 "Drink ! for to Earth return no dead."

101.

Advice I give—pray list to me ;
 Don not the Cloak—Hypocrisy !
That World lasts ever ; *this* a spell,
 For *this* Eternity don't sell.

102.

Khayyām,—when drunk with Wine be glad—
 Sit not with fresh-faced maiden sad !
 Since at the last thou'lt cease to be,
 Deem now thou'rt not ! Live joyfully.

103.

Last eve to Potter's shop I went ;
 Found thousands—mute—some eloquent—
 One Pot spake up with haughty tone,
 “Where's Potter—Seller—Buyer gone?”

104.

Pure Wine, some say, a spirit is
 Which brings a broken heart new bliss ;
 Quick ! quick ! for me three bumpers pour !
 Why should men call *our* good Wine *sour* ?

105.

Singly my virtues view ! each crime
 Pardon, as past, tens at a time !
 Let not the wind Thy wrath inflame,
 Forgive me in the Prophet's name !

106.

A spirit light is Wine in Cup,
 Light was its soul when bottled up ;
 Naught heavy is for Wine fit friend,
 Save Cup whose weight and lightness blend.

107.

From—to—all time what limit? where?
Here, now, rejoice! The Wine-Cup[•] share!
Beyond my ken—Wit—Work—have passed!
But Wine each riddle solves at last.

108.

This vault of Heaven—this wonder-show—
A mystic lantern is, we know;
The Sun the lamp-flame is—the World
The Sphere on which round it we're whirled.

109.

I can't o'er Nature victory gain.
I do and suffer—all in vain;
I trust Thou'lt pardon me for shame
That Thou hast seen; but who's to blame?

110.

Let me arise and seek pure Wine,
Make Thou my cheek like jujube shine
This mind of mine that watch doth keep
I'll splash with Wine and lull to sleep.

III.

How long Doubt's slaves shall we live here ?
 What matters Life—a Day—a Year ?
 Pour out the Wine ere, transformed, we
 The Petter's pots again shall be.

III 2.

Since here we cannot long abide,
 'Tis hard to live sans Wine—sans bride ;
 Creeds new and old why preach, O sage ?
 What's old, what's new, once off this stage ?

III 3.

In loving thee, Sin's curse I bear ;
 If faith I break, I pay my share ;
 If all my life severe thou art,
 Till Judgment Day the less the smart.

III 4.

Since Earth doth pass—let Art be mine !
 I hold with Mirth and sparkling Wine ;
 Men say—“ God grant repentance due,”
 Granted or not—I've naught to rue.

115.

To Mosque I've come devout and pure—
But not to pray I come—for, sure,
Once with a mat I made away,
To steal I now come day by day.

116.

'Neath Fate's dark foot when I'm abased,
When hope of life is all effaced ;
Make nothing of my clay but Cup.
When filled with Wine, I may wake up.

117.

My heart can't bait from trap discern,
To Mosque and Cup I'm urged in turn ;
Yet better strong in Inn to lie
Than weak in Cell—Love, Wine and I.

118.

'Tis morn ! Of rose-red Wine partake ;
The glass of name and fame let's break
From hopes sublime let's get away
With flowing curls and lutes to play.

119.

For dust and Cell the World we left,
Of pomps and vanities bereft ;
For penury with soul we bought,
And wealth in poverty we sought.

120.

“Is”—“Is not”—know I well by line,
“High”—“Low”—by logic I divine ;
Yet must I modestly confess
I know no Rank but drunkenness.

121.

When young we to a Teacher went,
And with our progress were content ;
The ground of his discourse was—“Lo,”
“Water we came, like wind we go.”

122.

The man who this World’s secret knows
Sees all are like—the joys—the woes ;
Since good and bad alike must cease,
Pain,—pleasure—both accept in peace.

123.

Follow so far the Sufi's trend,
 Of prayer and fasting make an end ;
 From Omar hear the word of truth—
 “ Drink Wine ! and rob ! Do all with ruth ! ”

124.

Since man's lot on this barren shore
 Is but to grieve and life give o'er,
 Happy is he who speeds from here,
 At rest is he who ne'er came near.

125.

Dervish ! The figured Veil tear off ;
 Nor for the Veil the body doff :
 Sackcloth upon thy shoulders spread,
 'Neath it assume the Sultan's tread !

126.

Behold the vault of Heaven—its sin !
 The Earth how void of kith and kin !
 Live for thyself ! Leave yesterday,
 Seek not to-morrow, use to-day !

127.

Wine-drinking—Consort with the fair—
 Are better than false zealot's prayer,
 To tell if lovers drunkards go,
 The sight of Heaven no man will know.

128.

One can't glad heart with sorrow burn,
 Nor on life's Touchstone pleasure turn;
 Where's he who knows what's yet to be,
 We must have Wine—Love—Liberty!

129.

This Vault—our lives to undermine—
 Makes war on my pure soul and thine;—
 Sit here upon the grass, my Love;
 Ere grass grows green our graves above!

130.

Our “Come” and “Go” what profit brings?
 Where is the woof to Warp of things?
 How many a fine form this world burns
 To dust, whereof no smoke returns?

131.

'Twere better Sciences to spurn—
And round Love's locks thy fingers turn;
And, ere thy blood by Fate be shed,
Pour bottles' blood in Cup instead.

132.

The Tavern's door I've just scraped
through—
To good and bad I've bid “Adieu”!
Though both the worlds around me sweep,
Dead-drunk you'll find me—fast asleep.

133.

From all but Wine t' abstain is best,
By Beauties served Wine gathers zest;
'Tis good to drink, like wandering Friar,
Draught upon draught, and never tire.

134.

A Bowl inverted seems the sky,
'Neath which wise men like captives lie;
In friendship be thou Cup and Jar,
Lip-joined—they blood-relations are!

135.

The wind the rose's skirt destroys,
The Bulbul in rose-beauty joys ;
Sit here beneath the rose, for see !
How many dashed to dust there be !

136.

'Bout “have” and “have not” why mourn I ?
Should I not live light-heartedly ?
Fill up the Wine-cup ! There's no law :
I'll breathe again the breath I draw.

137.

For Sin become not Sorrow's thrall !
Nor grieve for those beyond recall ;
Love jasmine-bosomed—fairy-born—
And live not Wineless and forlorn.

138.

Tho' past thy sixtieth year, don't pine,
And fare not forth undazed of Wine !
Ere of thy skull a Jar they make,
Hold fast the Jar—the Wine-cup take !

139.

Better old Wine than kingdom new
By Wine, the best of paths, get thro'
Farīdūn's realm the Cup outweighs,
Kaikhosru's crown the Jars out-blaze.

140.

O Saki ! those who've gone before
Have fall'n asleep—dust-covered-o'er ;
Go drink ! and hear the Truth from me,
“ Mere bluff was all they said—Saki ! ”

141.

O Lord—Thou'st broke my jug of Wine ;
And shut on joys all doors of mine ;
The Wine upon the earth thou'st spilt ;
Was Thine, Good Lord, a Drunkard's guilt ?

142.

Great Heaven ! Thou giv'st to people base
Mill-streams—Canals—and Bathing-place ;
The pure man risks his all for bread ;
For such giv'st Thou a fig instead ?

✓
143.

O Heart ! Earth's secrets are not solved,
Nor by philosophy evolved ;
With Wine and Cup your Heaven make here,
You may, or may not, reach Heaven there !

144.

Lo ! this World's kitchen yields but smoke.
How long endure Life's random stroke ?
You seek no dwindling stock in trade ;
Who'll use the capital ? your profit's made !

145.

O Soul ! from body's dust set free,
Now canst thou soar in nudity !
Since th' Empyrean is thy home,
'Twere shame in Earth's confines to roam !

146.

Last night I flung the goblet down,
This baseness did I—tipsy clown !
The Cup's mystic language spake :
"I was like thee ; like me thou'lt break !"

147.

Lift high the Cup and Jar, O love!
And gladly seek the streamside grove;
Of many a man has Heaven malign
Made many a Cup and Flagon fine:

148.

A thousand gins Thou settest where
I roam; Thou say'st, "Let's him ensnare;"
The World in naught is free from Thee;
Yet Thou a Rebel call'st poor me!

149.

Some ruby Wine—a Book of Song—
With half a loaf—for these I long;
With these—in desert drear—and Thee
Happier than Kingdom's King I'd be!

150.

Vain grief give o'er! Live happily!
Mid unjust paths—just always be!
Since Earth's affairs all end in naught,
Think Thou art nothing, free-in-thought!

151.

I gaze again ; on all sides gleam
Fair Gardens and the Kausar stream ;
The Waste seems Heav'n and vanished Hell :
In Heaven with Heaven-faced Beauty dwell !

152.

Be glad ! Rewards were fixed yestre'en ;
From yesterday no grace you'll glean ;
No prayer you pressed—yet yesterday
'Twas fixed what you should do to-day.

153.

The tulip-coloured Wine outpour,
From Wine-jar's throat draw blood once
more ;
For save the Wine-cup here and now,
Friend pure of heart I've none, I vow.

154.

To my heart's ear Heaven whispered low :
“From me Fate's orders hear and know !”
Had I had hand when I was shaped—
From giddiness by Wine I'd 'scaped.

155.

Had I at hand a wheaten scone,
 A gourd of wine and mutton bone,
 With Thee beside me in the waste,
 A joy no King could curb I'd taste.

156.

If measures two of Wine you gain,
 Do not from drink in Hall refrain!
 He careth not—Who made the world—
 How your moustache or mine is curled.

157.

Had I had say—I were not here!
 Had I my way, I would go—where?
 'Twere better p'r'aps—on this Earth's
 scene—
 Had I not come, or gone, or been.

158.

Ramzan goes by and Shawwal comes,
 With Spring and Joy and Strollers' hums!
 'Tis time the bottles up to pack
 Where squat the Porters back to back!

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

FITZGERALD'S OMAR

1. Wake ! For the sun, who scatter'd into flight
The stars before him from the field of night,
Drives night along with them from heav'n, and
strikes
The Sultan's turret with a shaft of light.
2. Before the phantom of false morning died,
Methought a voice within the tavern cried,
"When all the temple is prepared within,
Why nods the drowsy worshipper outside?"
3. And as the cock crew, those who stood before
The tavern shouted : "Open then the door !
You know how little time we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more."
4. Now the New Year reviving old desires,
The thoughtful soul to solitude retires,
Where the white hand of Moses on the bough
Puts out, and Jesus from the ground suspires.

APPENDIX A

THE SAME RENDERED INTO ESPERANTO

1. Vekiĝu ! Jen, la suno jam forpelas
Stelojn kaj nokton ; el ĉiel' akcelas
Radi' unua, kaj per sia brilo,
La turo de l'Sultano alte belas.
2. Dum el mallum' kreskadis taga pleno,
Aŭdiĝis voĉ, plendante pri deteno,—
“Dormulo, kial vi ekstere restas ?
En templo jam atendas la festeno !”
3. La kok' ekkrias ; ĉiuj en akordo,
Ekipetas, “Malfermata estu pordo !
Ni povas resti iom nur da tempo,
Nek plu vidiĝos ĉe la tera bordo !”
4. Printempo, la naskiĝo de novjaro !
Revivas nun la juna deziraro ;
Sed homo pensa pace nun foriĝas,
Ce freŝaj blankaj floroj de l'kamparo.

5. Iram indeed is gone with all his rose,
And Jamshyd's seven-ring'd cup where it
 knows ;
 But still a ruby kindles in the vine,
And many a garden by the water blows.
6. And David's lips are lockt ; but in divine
High-piping Pehlevi, with " Wine ! Wine ! Wine
 Red Wine !" — the nightingale cries to the rose
That sallow cheek of hers to incarnadine.
7. Come, fill the cup, and in the fire of spring
Your winter garment of repentance fling ;
 The bird of time has but a little way
To flutter—and the bird is on the wing.
8. Whether at Naishapur or Babylon,
Whether the cup with sweet or bitter run,
 The wine of life keeps oozing drop by drop.
The leaves of life keep falling one by one.
9. Each morn a thousand roses bring, you say ;
Yes, but where leaves the rose of yesterday ?
 And this first summer month that brings the rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobad away.
10. Well, let it take them ! What have we to do
With Kaikobad the Great, or Kaikhoosro ?
 Let Zal and Rustum thunder as they will,
Or Hatim call to supper—heed not you.

5. Iram' pereis, vere, kun jasmeno,
Sed restas lag' alia, kaj ĝardeno ;
Se vazon de Jamŝid' ne plu ni vidas,
En vino brilas ĉiam la rubeno.
6. David' silentis ; sed, per voĉo klara,
Al rozo pepas najtingalo kara,—
“ Vin' vin' vin' vino, ruĝa ruĝa vino ! ”
Kaj roz' ruĝiĝas, en respond' neŝpara.
7. Plenigu vazon ; ĉe printempa festo,
Bruliĝu ĝoje vintra pentovesto ;
Mallongan vojon havas tempobirdo
Por flugi, kaj rapidas al la nesto.
8. Ĉe urbaj aŭ ĉe kampaj societoj,
La vin' de vivo falas per gutetoj ;
Simile, kvazaŭ floro kadukanta,
De vivo falas vice folietoj.
9. Mil rozoj, oni diras, venos morgaŭ ;
Sed kien iris rozoj de hieraŭ ?
Monato sama, rozojn alportante,
Jamŝidon prenos, Kajkobadon ankaŭ.
10. Nu ; prenu ĝi, do, ilin ! Kial ni
Pri Kajkobado zorgos ? Tie ĉi,
Rustum' kaj Zalo ne pli grave estas
Ol la vespermanĝad' al vi kaj mi.

11. With me along the strip of herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sow!
Where the name of slave and Sultan is
And peace to Mahmud on his golden throne
12. A book of verses underneath the board
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and Thy
Beside me singing in the wilderness —
Oh, wilderness were Paradise enow !

11. Ripozu ni ĉe tiu ĉi herbejo,
Ĵus inter la dezerto kaj plantejo ;
Neniel je Sultan' aŭ sklavo pensu,
Kaj lasu la Mamudon al reĝejo.
12. Versolibret' sub arbo tie ĉi,
Kruĉo da vino, pano nur, kaj vi,
Kantante dolĉe en dezerto, jen !
Dezerto estus Paradiz' por mi !

BEN ELMY.

APPENDIX B

IN the language of the Sufis the following words are said to have the following mystical meanings :

" Wine "	= The Love of God.
" Intoxication "	= Outward and visible signs of Love.
" Tavern "	= The World's meeting-place.
" Teacher "	= The Saintly Initiator.
" Traveller "	= One who treads the path of Love.
" Mole "	= An attribute of God.
" Beauty "	= The Perfection of God.
" Freedom "	= Liberty gained by the Love of God.
" Garden "	= Revelation-place of Love and Beauty.
" Rose "	= Rapture of knowledge of God.
" Scent "	= Knowledge, Hope, divining of Love.
" Day and Night "	= Faith and Unfaith.
" Evening "	= The Land unknown.